

ALIEN HIVE



FORMAN

JERRY PROSSER • KELLEY JONES

Dark Horse Comics collection

Mike Richardson • publisher
Neil Hankerson • executive vice president
David Scroggy • vice president of publishing
Lou Bank • vice president of sales & marketing
Andy Karabatsos • vice president of finance
Mark Anderson • general counsel
Diana Schutz • editor in chief
Randy Stradley • creative director
Cindy Marks • director of production & design
Mark Cox • art director
Sean Tierney • computer graphics director
Chris Creviston • director of accounting
Michael Martens • marketing director
Tod Borleske • sales & licensing director
Mark Ellington • director of operations
Dale LaFountain • director of m.i.s.

Barbara Kesel • series editor
Kij Johnson • collection editor
Lynn Adair • second edition editor
Brian Gogolin • collection designer



A L I E N S H I V E

167/01/16

138



Jerry Prosser • story
Kelley Jones • art
Dave Dorman • cover
Clem Robins • lettering
Les Dorsheid • colors



ALIENS™: HIVE

Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc.
10956 SE Main Street
Milwaukie, OR 97222

Aliens™ & © 1995 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. Aliens is a trademark of Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All other material, unless otherwise specified, is © 1995 Dark Horse Comics, Inc. All rights reserved. The stories, institutions, and characters in this book are fictional. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. No portion of this book may be reproduced by any means without the express permission of the Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation and Dark Horse Comics, Inc.

ISBN: 1-56971-122-4

First edition: February 1993

Second edition: August 1995

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in Canada



SHE WAS USED
TO THE DARK. IT HELD
NO SURPRISES.

RIPPLES OF DARKNESS
PUSHED AGAINST HER,
INVISIBLE STONES DROPPED
INTO A POOL OF INK.

SHE
WASN'T
ALONE.



SILENCE, COMPANION TO
DARKNESS, WAS NOT HER FRIEND.

SHE FELT AROUND HER
THE EMPTINESS OF THE
VACUUM...THE GRAVE.



SHE FOUND HERSELF
WHISPERING TO FILL
THE SILENCE.

WHERE
ARE YOU?
WHERE ARE
YOU?



SHE COULD NEITHER SEE NOR HEAR
IT, BUT SHE COULD FEEL ITS PRESENCE.



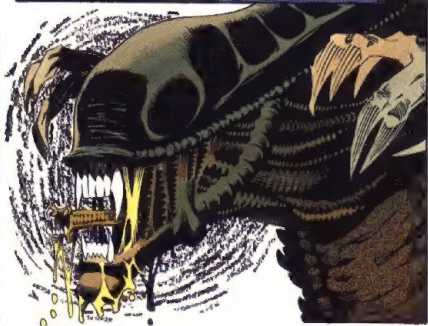
NOW SHE CURSED
BOTH LIGHT AND
SOUND.

THE EYELESS FACES
CARED NOTHING FOR
SUCH SPECIALIZED
PERCEPTIONS.

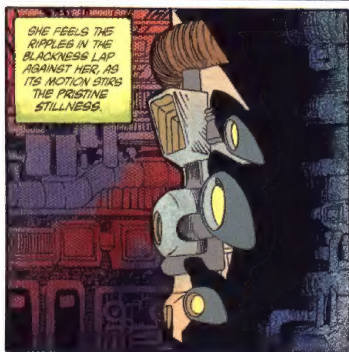
IT USED THE OLD
SENSES... VIBRATION,
ELECTRICITY, FEAR.

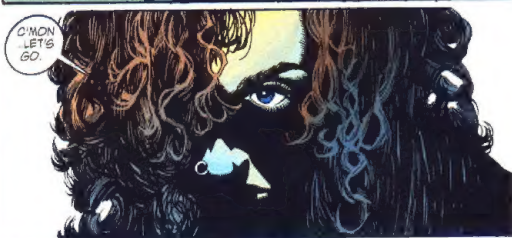
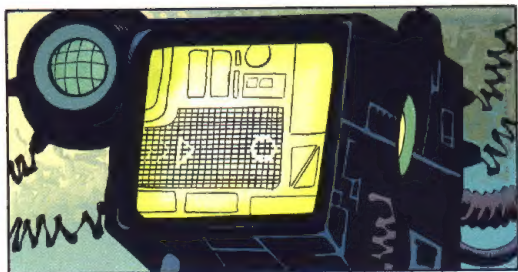
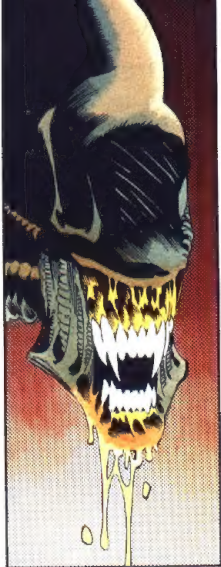


SHIT!





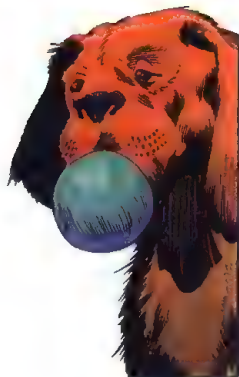


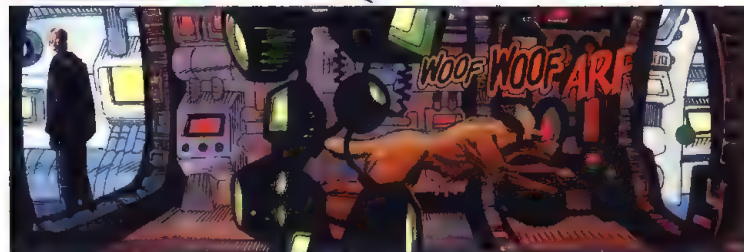
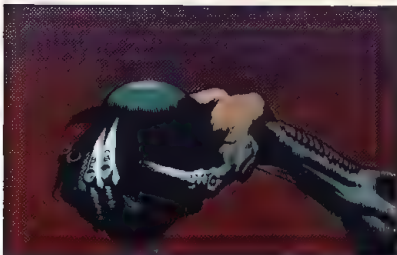
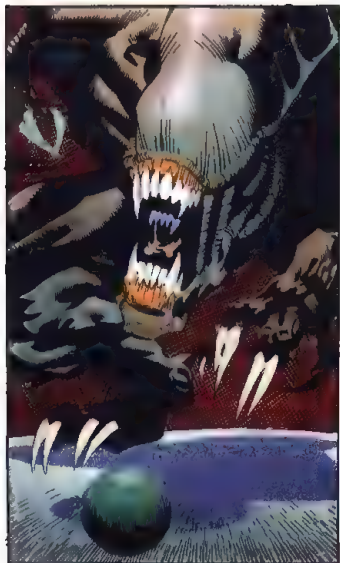


PRIORITY
OVERRIDE CODE
MYRMIDON

CANCEL
PREDATION
FUNCTIONS
RETURN TO
STANDARD
PROGRAM









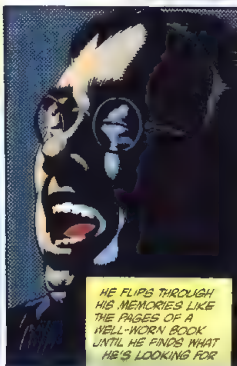
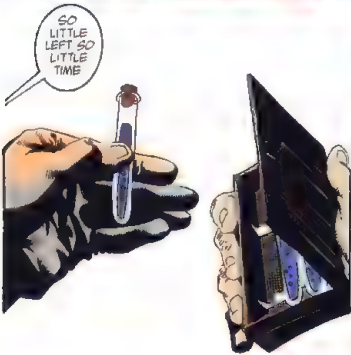
REPORT TO THE LAB
AT 15 30 I WANT TO
DOWNLOAD AND
REVIEW

AND KEEP MAC
QUIET THE CREW IS
STILL IN HYPERSLEEP

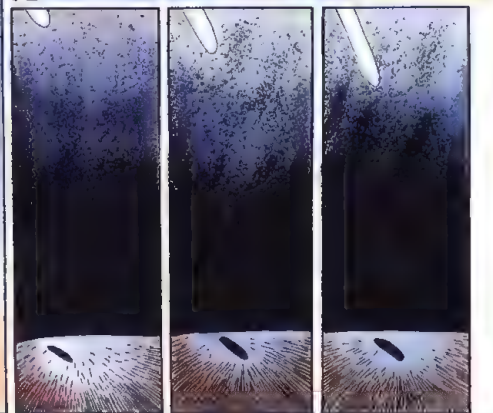
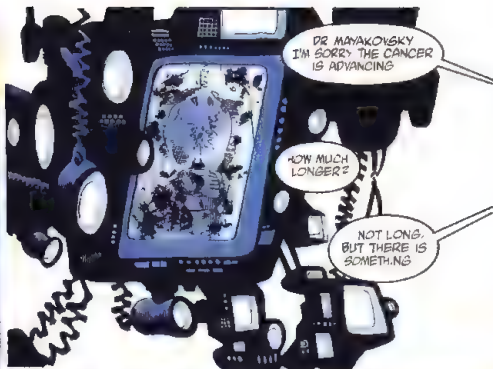


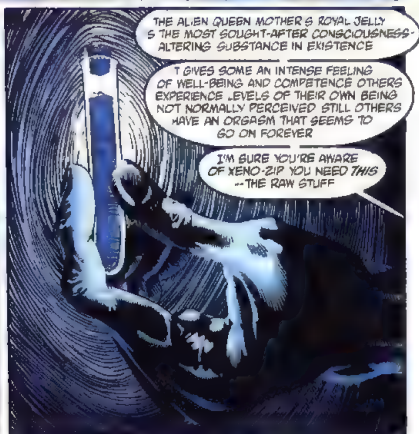
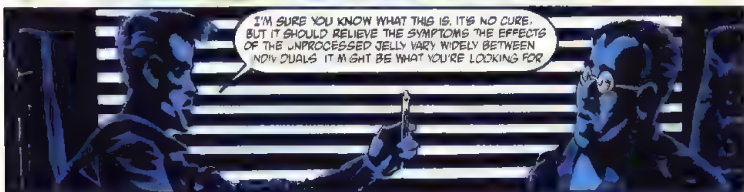
YES, DOCTOR
MAYAKOVSKY.



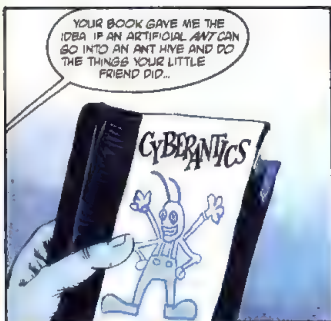


ALONE OUTSIDE OF TIME. EVERY
EVENT CATALOGUED WITH THE
PRECISION OF A HOLOGRAM: ANY
PORTION CONTAINING THE WHOLE.





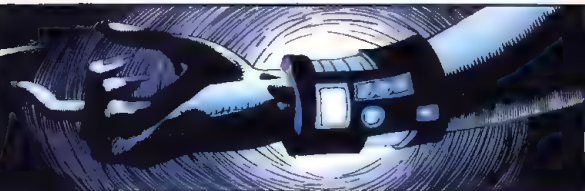




"WE BUILD ANDROIDS THAT WE CAN BARELY TELL FROM HUMANS. A BIG ANT SHOULD BE EASY TO FOOL. WE'LL NEVER EVEN HAVE TO GET CLOSE TO A REAL ONE."



AMAZING.
THE THING IS
CHARGED WITH THE
JELLY AND THEY
WOULDN'T BE ABLE
TO SEE ANYONE
WHO WAS WEARING
ONE ? YOU WERE
RIGHT ABOUT THE
MAGIC OF
PHEROMONES



STAN, I
DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY.
THANK YOU, I
LOVE IT.

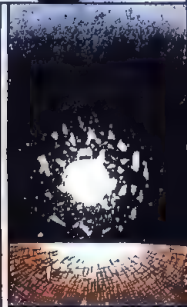
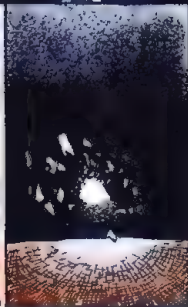
HE FEELS THE
SHUDDER IN HIS
CHEST ONCE
MORE. IT SEEMS
TO LAST LONGER
THAN HIS OWN SHY
ADOLESCENCE



LET'S CALL
WIM NORBERT
AFTER THE
SCIENTIST
YOU TOLD ME
ABOUT

I DON'T
THINK
SO

THE BLUE
SUBSTANCE
ENCASES HIS
FEELINGS LIKE
AMBER. HE
CAN PULL
THEM
FROM HIS
MEMORY AND
EXAMINE
THEM--
EXPERIENCE
THEM--
FOREVER

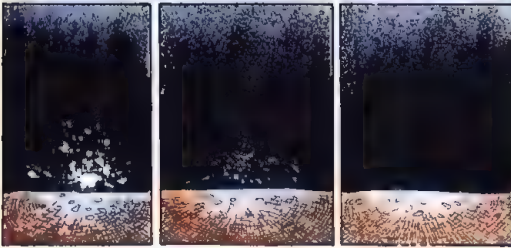




WE'VE GOT
A SHIP--THE
DOLOMITE--
AND A CREW. I'VE
WORKED WITH THE
CAPTAIN BEFORE
I CAN ALMOST
TASTE THAT MONEY
AND THAT MONEY



THE WARM TIDE OF
THE OCEAN PULLS
AWAY, AND HE
FEELS HIMSELF
EXPOSED TO THE
CHILL OF TIME





WE'VE REACHED ORBIT AROUND A PLANET MARKED ON THE CHARTS AS **AG 45A**. IT'S SO FAR OFF THE USUAL ROUTES THAT IT HASN'T EVEN HAD A FORMAL SURVEY.

HOWEVER FROM THE READINGS WE'VE GATHERED, WE KNOW THAT THIS PLANET DOES HAVE A BARELY BREATHABLE ATMOSPHERE, AND SEEMS TO BE CONSTANTLY BUFFETED BY STORMS.



WE ALSO KNOW THERE IS MATERIAL OF GREAT VALUE ON THE PLANET. THE NATURE OF THIS MATERIAL IS NEED-TO-KNOW ONLY.



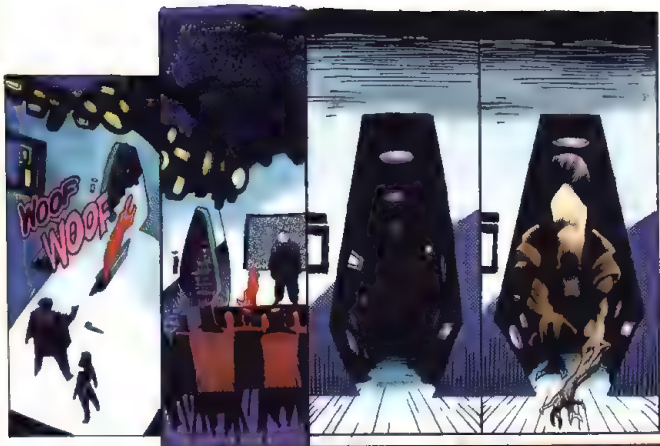
WHO NEEDS TO KNOW?

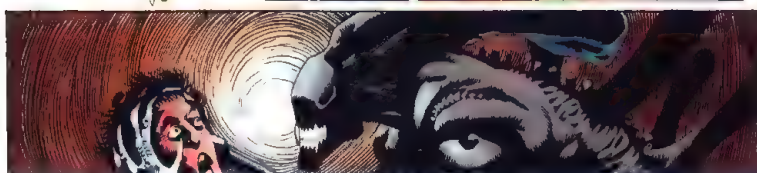
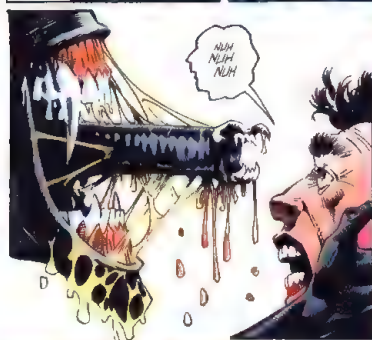


THE CAPTAIN ALREADY KNOWS -- THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE. THE MEMBERS OF THE MISSION CREW WILL ALSO BE BRIEFED.



I'LL ALSO BE LOOKING FOR VOLUNTEERS TO...







WE'RE GETTING SOME
STRANGE SIGNALS AND CAN'T
SEEM TO GET A FIX I'M NOT
SURE OF THEIR POINT OF
ORIGIN OR EVEN IF ITS NOT
SOME NATURALLY OCCURRING
PHENOMENON



BUT
GIVEN OUR
LOCATION,
IT COULD BE
SOME SORT
OF PROXIMITY
ALARM



ANY OTHER
SHIPS IN THE
SECTOR?

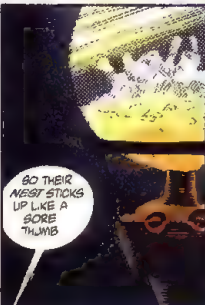
NO
ALTHOUGH
THERE'S
SEEMS TO
BE QUITE
A BIT OF
DEBRIS

IF IT IS AN
ALARM, LET'S GET
GOING BEFORE ANY-
ONE COMES IF IT
ISN'T, WHAT'S THE
USE OF WAITING?

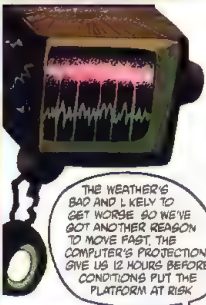


THE SOONER WE'VE RETURNED
FROM THE SURFACE, THE BETTER
OFF EVERYONE WILL BE

WELL WE'VE
LOCATED YOUR SITE, AT ANY RATE
THE SURFACE IS PRETTY BARREN



SO THEIR
NEST STICKS
UP LIKE A
SORE
THUMB



THE WEATHER'S
BAD AND LIKELY TO
GET WORSE SO WE'VE
GOT ANOTHER REASON
TO MOVE FAST, THE
COMPUTER'S PROJECTIONS
GIVE US 12 HOURS BEFORE
CONDITIONS PUT THE
PLATFORM AT RISK



I'M GLAD
I'M NOT GOING
DOWN THERE



I'VE GOT GREEN LIGHTS ACROSS THE BOARD WE'RE LOOKING GOOD, GILL

NORBERT, WHY DON'T YOU FIND SOMEPLACE TO SIT DOWN?

NOT DESIGNED... TO SIT.



HOBAN DO YOU READ ME?

I'VE GOT YOU, GILL. ARE YOU READY FOR THE DROP?



YES, CAPTAIN

MAKE SURE EVERYBODY STAYS OUT OF TROUBLE



AND DON'T START PICKING ANY FIGHTS WITH YOUR LIEUTER COUSIN



HOBAN, I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW THAT GILL HAS BEEN PROGRAMMED TO BE A GENTLEMAN WHEN WE RETURN MAYBE HE CAN GIVE YOU SOME LESSONS

A black and white photograph of a butterfly perched on a flower stem. The butterfly is positioned in the upper left quadrant, facing right. Its wings are spread, showing a pattern of dark spots and lines on a lighter background. The flower stem is a thick, vertical, light-colored structure that runs through the center of the image. The background is dark and filled with the silhouettes of various leaves and flowers, creating a dense, textured appearance. At the bottom of the image, there is a yellow rectangular box with a black border containing the text: "GILL KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE HULL IONIZATION".

SEE? WHAT
DID I TELL YOU,
STAN? A WALK
IN THE PARK

GGGGGGGGGGGG

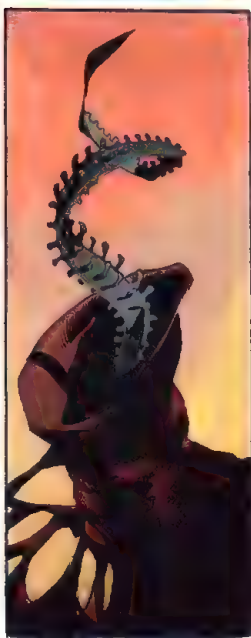
THE PROFILE LOOKS
NOMINAL. GILL
ESTABLISH BRAKING
SEQUENCE



YOUR SYSTEM SHOWS
THE WEATHER IS
WORSE THAN WE
ANTICIPATED
COMPENSATE
BRAKING TO
ACCOMMODATE

YOU'RE ALMOST
IN POSITION. DON'T TAKE
TOO LONG MAKING US
ALL RICH





ANYTHING LEFT?

POLOMITE'S LOG: CAPTAIN'S ENTRY FOLLOWING THE LAUNCH OF THE MISSION PLATFORM, I'VE DECIDED TO EXAMINE SOME OF THE DEBRIS WE NOTICED IN ORBIT UNDER CLOSER SCRUTINY, WE'VE DISCOVERED THE REMAINS OF A SHIP.

TWO MEN HAVE GONE ON BOARD TO LOOK FOR ONE OF THE SHIP'S BLACK BOXES. I HOPE TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED AND IF IT WILL AFFECT OUR MISSION

WE'RE GETTING CLOSE I'VE GOT IT ON A LOCATOR. IT'S JUST THAT WHAT IF ONE OF THOSE THINGS...

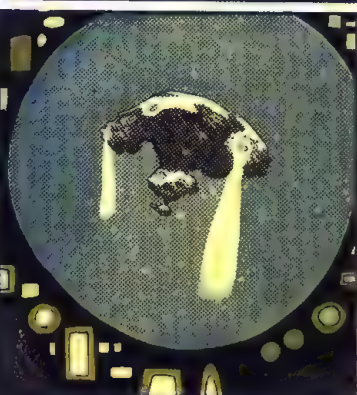
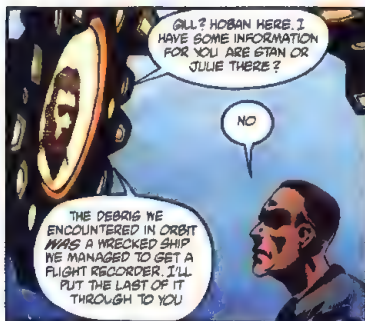
TAKE IT EASY
DON'T GET SPOOKED

I'VE GOT THE RECORDER.

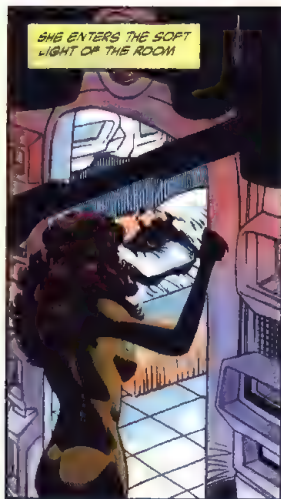
GET THAT THING BACK HERE ON THE DOUBLE! I WANT TO KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO THAT SHIP







SHE ENTERS THE SOFT
LIGHT OF THE ROOM



BY THE LOOK ON HIS FACE, SHE CAN TELL HE IS OUTSIDE OF
TIME, A SOLITARY IMMORTAL MADE OF WAX.

SHE MUSES
ON THE
VALUE OF AN
ETERNITY
CONSISTING
ONLY OF
SOLIPSISM
AND MEMORY.



HOW MUCH TIME
DO THEY HAVE LEFT?



CAN SHE EVEN THINK IN SUCH TERMS, AS HE MOVES
IN FROZEN TIME--LIKE THE RUNNER IN ZENO'S
FIRST PARADOX? THE FINISH LINE DRAWS CLOSER,
YET NO CLOSER, THROUGH AN INFINITE SERIES OF
DIVISIONS OF THE DISTANCE.

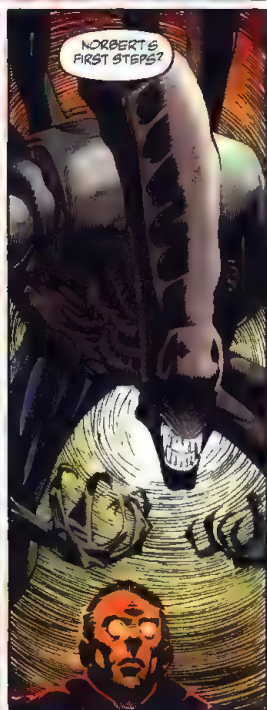
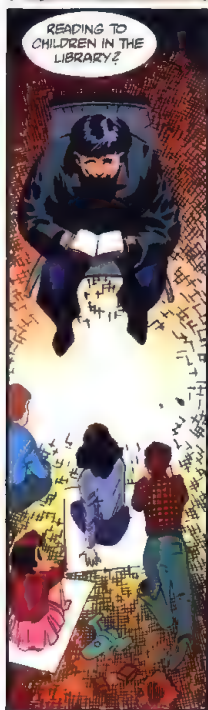
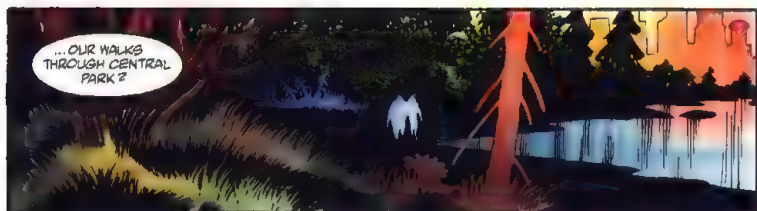


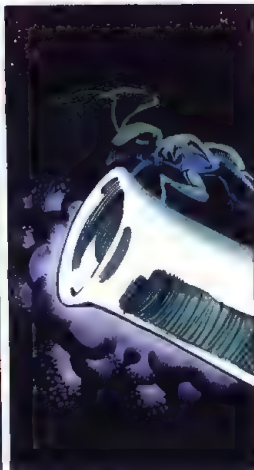
HOW CAN THE RACE END WHEN
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO BEGIN?

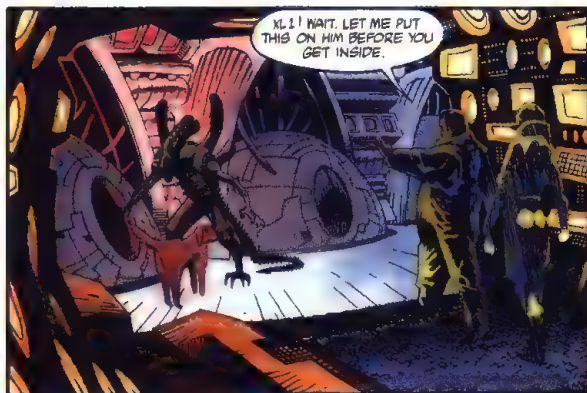


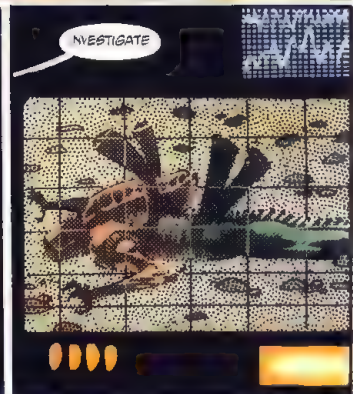
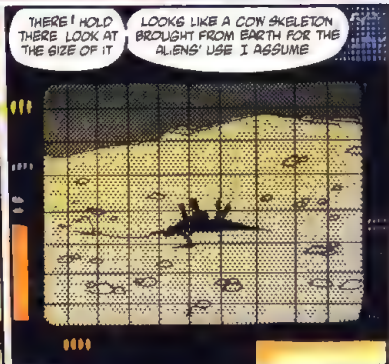
STAN? WHAT ARE
YOU PROBING ABOUT?
AM I WITH YOU?

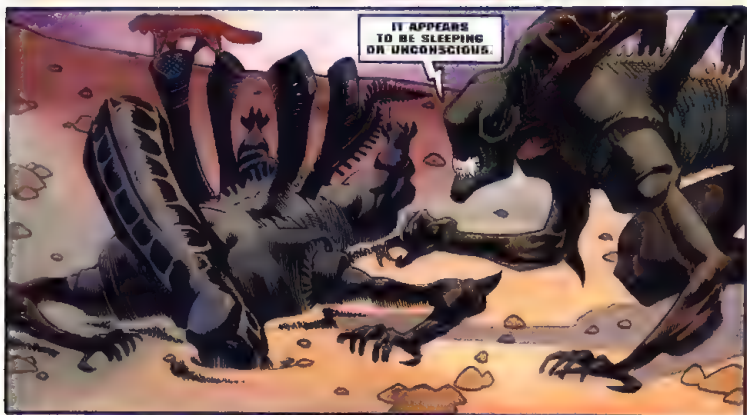
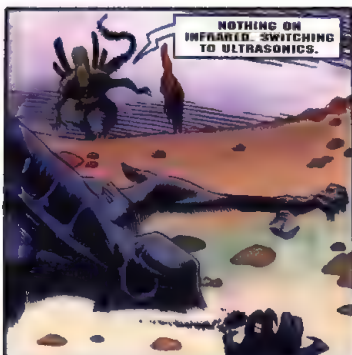
WHAT...

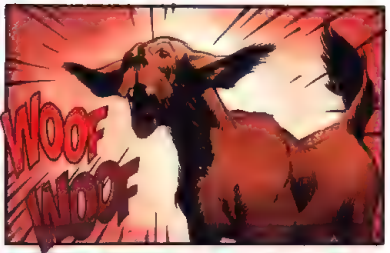
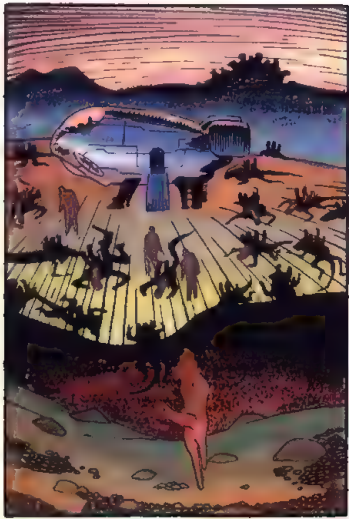


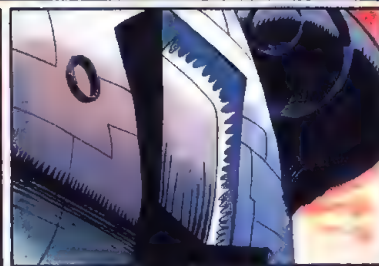
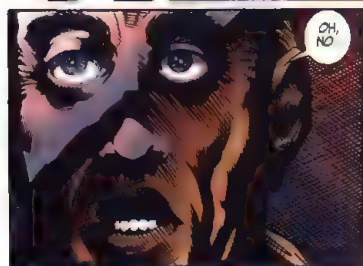
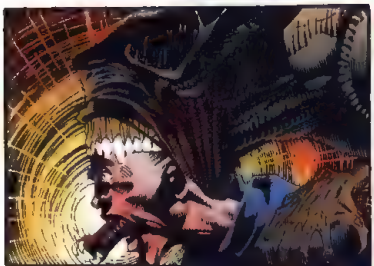












JULIE, PLEASE TAKE GILL OUT OF THE ROOM. HIS BEHAVIORAL PROGRAMMING MAY GIVE HIM AN EMBOLISM IF HE OBSERVES ANY MORE

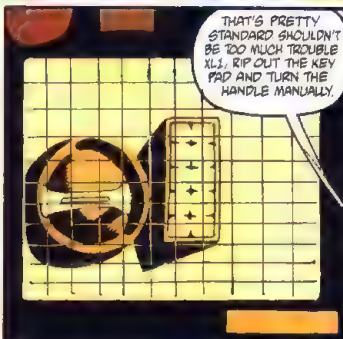
HE MAY BE COMPELLED TO ACT I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO DO ANYTHING FOOLISH.

GILL, SOME- DAY YOU AND I MUST HAVE A LITTLE TALK ABOUT YOUR PROGRAM- MING. IT SHOULD MAKE YOU A LITTLE LESS PREDICTABLE.



XL1, GIVE ME A GOOD PICTURE OF THE LOCKING MECHANISM ON THE DOOR

THAT'S PRETTY STANDARD SHOULDN'T BE TOO MUCH TROUBLE XL1, RIP OUT THE KEY PAD AND TURN THE HANDLE MANUALLY.



WHAT IS HE DOING AWAKE?

HOW THE HELL SHOULD I KNOW?

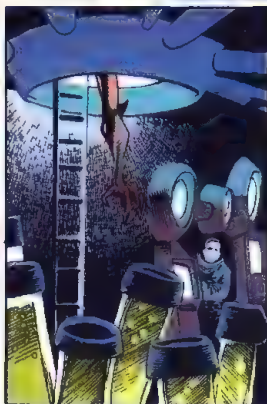
HOW SOON TO THE RENDEZVOUS? WITH LANCET?



NOT GOOD ENOUGH.

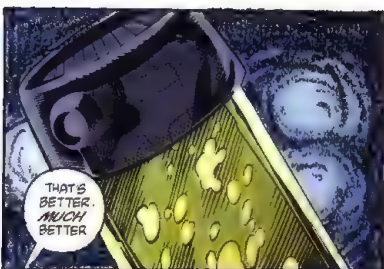


FIRE!





PLEASE CLEAR
YOUR VISUAL
RECEPTORS AND
TAKE A SLOW SCAN
OF THE AREA



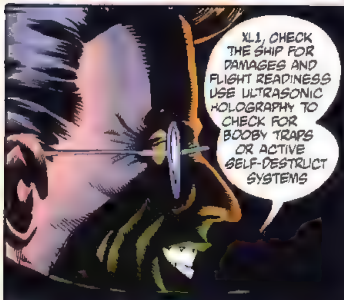
THAT'S
BETTER.
MUCH
BETTER



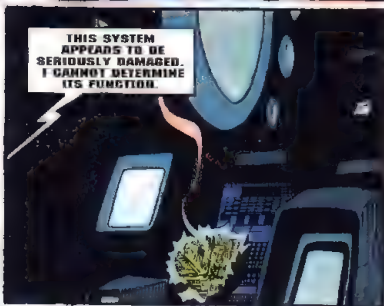
IT LOOKS LIKE THE
BEEKEEPERS HAVE
BEEN HERE
BEFORE US.



LET'S JUST
GET SOMEBODY
DOWN THERE TO
PILOT THE THING
--WE'LL BOTH GO
BACK TO THE
DOLOMITE.



XL1, CHECK
THE SHIP FOR
DAMAGES AND
FLIGHT READINESS
USE ULTRASONIC
HOLOGRAPHY TO
CHECK FOR
BOOBY TRAPS
OR ACTIVE
SELF-DESTRUCT
SYSTEMS



THIS SYSTEM
APPEARS TO BE
SERIOUSLY DAMAGED.
I CANNOT DETERMINE
ITS FUNCTION.



GIVE ME
A VISUAL OF
CONDITIONS
OUTSIDE

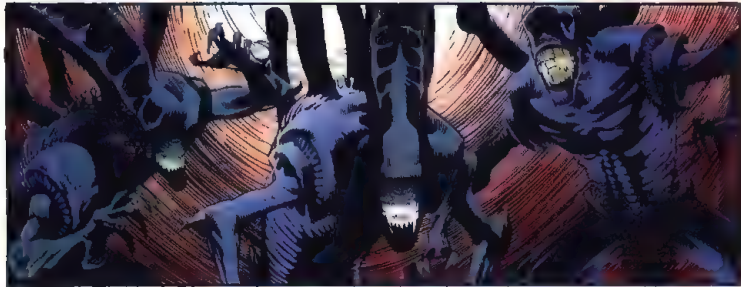
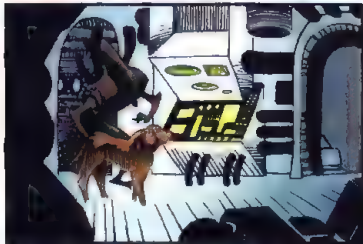
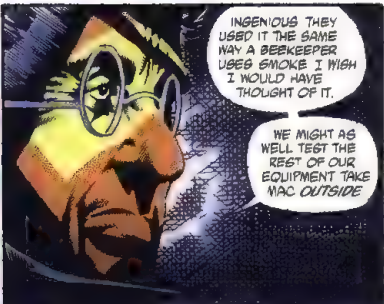


WELL, NOW WE KNOW WHAT IT DID. IT LOOKS LIKE THE CREW WAS USING SOME SORT OF INFRASONIC SUPPRESSION SYSTEM



INGENIOUS THEY USED IT THE SAME WAY A BEEKEEPER USES SMOKE I WISH I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF IT.

WE MIGHT AS WELL TEST THE REST OF OUR EQUIPMENT TAKE MAC OUTSIDE



SORRY, BOY.



KEEP CLOSE TABS
ON THEM. SINCE OUR
WORK'S BEEN DONE
FOR US, WE'VE GOT
SOME TIME FOR
RESEARCH

ACTIVATE YOUR
TRACKING SYSTEM.
I WANT A TRAIL
LEFT THAT WE
CAN FOLLOW
LATER.

Ari could not see far into the forest of grass that
reached high into the sky. She activated her sense of
smell and a whole new world presented itself, a world
filled with subtle variation, its complex structure based
upon molecular chemistry rather than sound or light. *

She tested the air for signs of
pheromones left by the other
ants. There it was. A trail

Ari followed the trail until she
reached a nest of ants.

She stood and watched them for some
time. They moved in and out of the hive
with such determination and precision.

What a commotion!

Ants came into the clearing carrying
food. Others rushed to assist them with
their burdens.



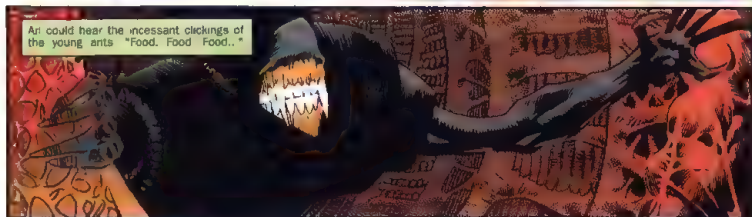


...was a...

Ani could hear all the ants moving around her. Some were carrying food to storage areas.



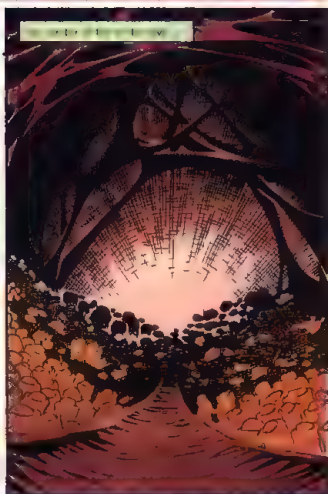
Others were attending to the eggs and larvae.



Ani could hear the incessant clickings of the young ants. "Food. Food. Food.."



She followed the sound to proceed with the next phase of her program.



...

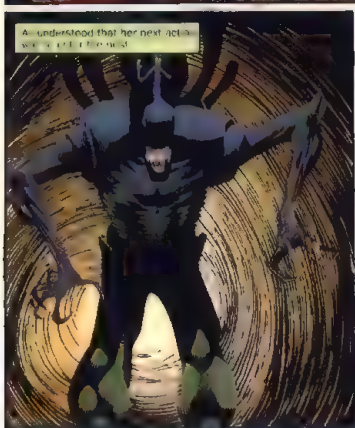
-- the Queen



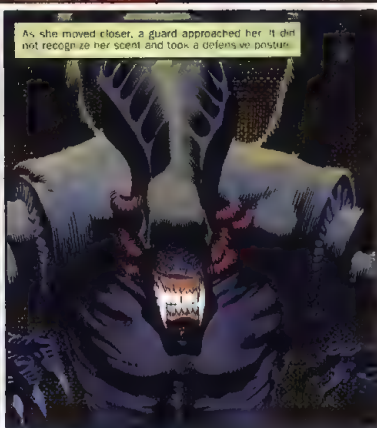
THERE'S
THE GRAND
OLD LADY
HERSELF

XL1, ADVANCE
AND ACTIVATE
RECOGNITION
PROGRAMMING.

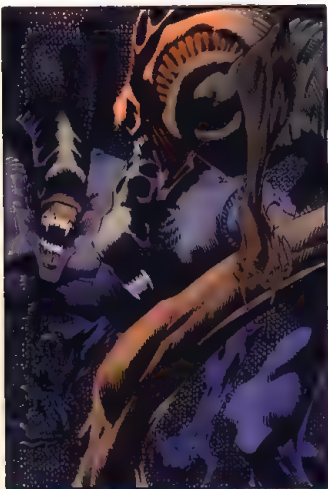
As understood that her next action
would be to kill the guard



As she moved closer, a guard approached her. It did
not recognize her scent and took a defensive posture.







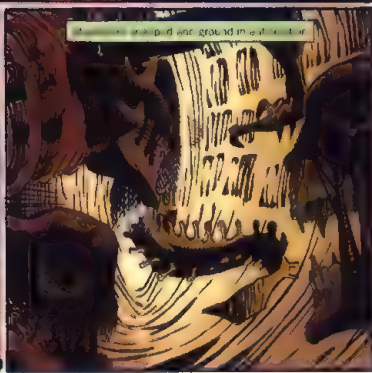
An ran through the nest as fast as her six legs could carry her.



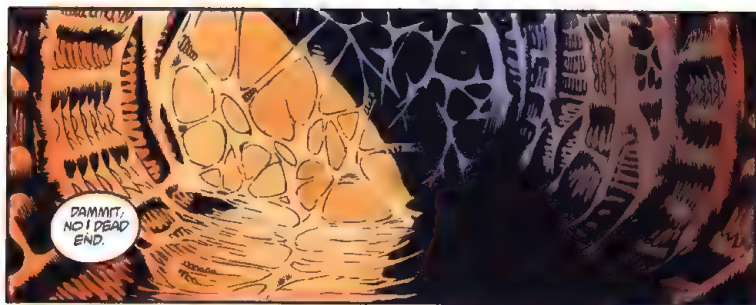
The wave of the glistening black heales move head with the precision of a military regime on the parade grounds. A million-legged obelisk



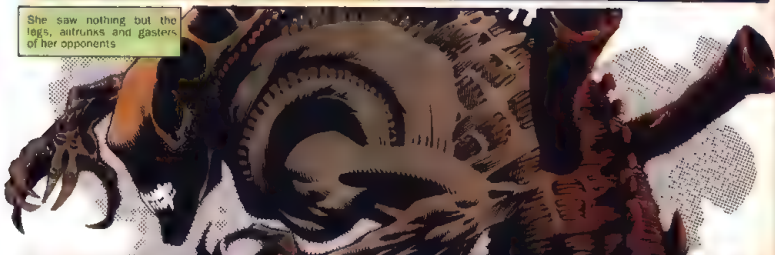
The desire to reach their destination, cursed through black, chitinous bodies



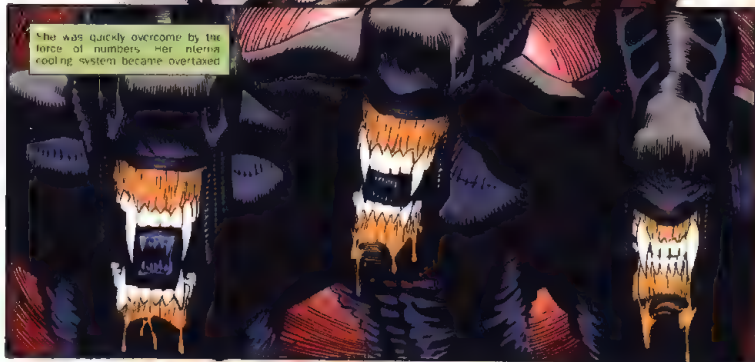
Thousands of small, black, chitinous bodies



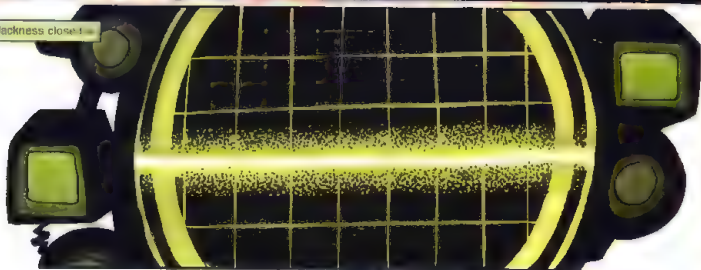
She saw nothing but the
legs, airtrunks and gasters
of her opponents

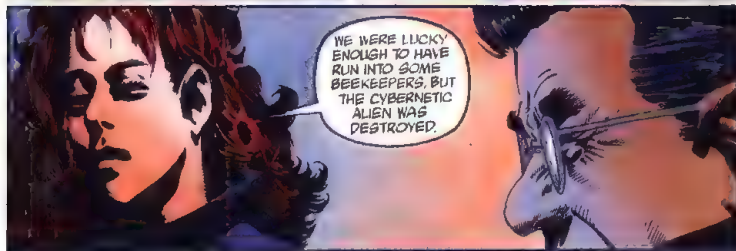
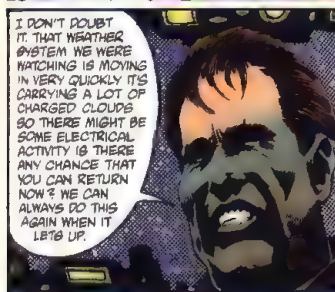


She was quickly overcome by the
force of numbers. Her internal
cooling system became overtaxed



Blackness closed in...







I CAN'T SAY I'M SORRY TO
HEAR ABOUT THAT, BUT I'M
GLAD YOU CAN GET OUT
OF THERE



IT SHOULDN'T TAKE US LONG
TO GET A MAN DOWN THERE THEN
WE CAN JUST LIFT OFF AND BOTH
HEAD INTO ORBIT TOGETHER
FOR A PICKUP



MOBAN
THINKS WE
SHOULD
GO

I HEARD



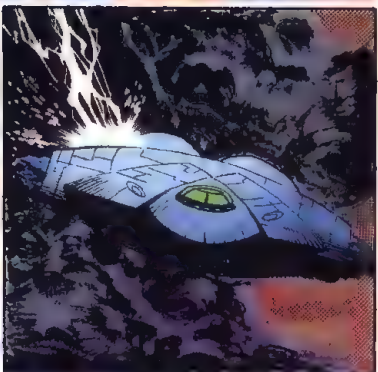
I'M
SORRY
ABOUT
NORBERT. I
MEAN, XL1.



I SHOULDN'T
FEEL BAD--HE WAS
DOING WHAT HE
WAS DESIGNED
TO DO WE
SHOULD ALL BE
SO LUCKY.



ARI,
I'VE GOT
SOME BAD
NEWS FOR
YOU





THINGS HAVE GONE FROM
BAD TO WORSE, STAN



GILL, THE
STABILIZERS
ARE GONE!

WE'VE
GOT TO GET
TO ONE OF
THE PODS



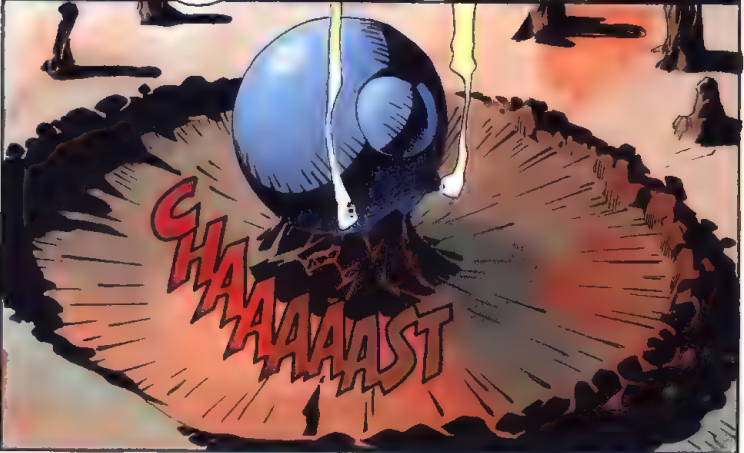
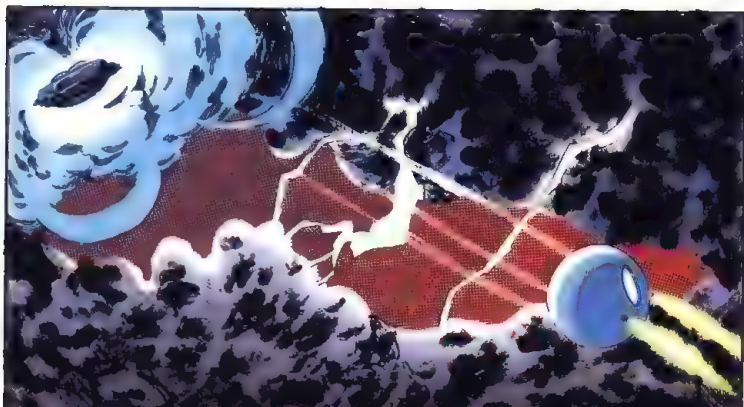
ALL HANDS
ABANDON
SHIP!

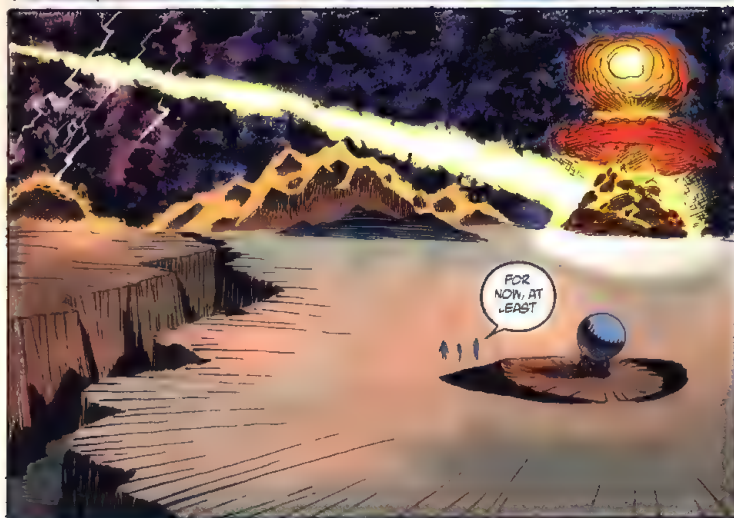
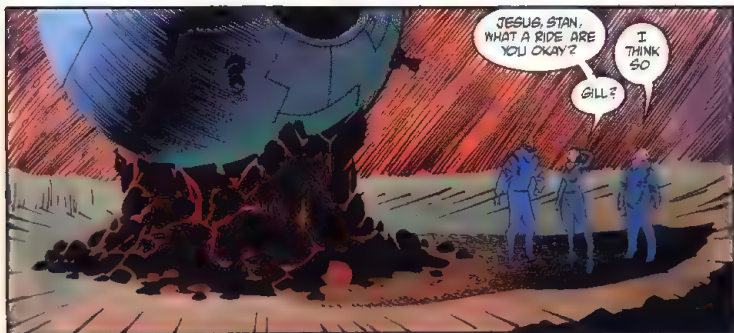


IS ANYONE ELSE
GOING TO MAKE IT?
I SHOULD GO BACK
INSIDE TO LOOK



GET INSIDE! REMEMBER, YOU'RE
PROGRAMMED TO KEEP ALL HUMANS
ALIVE. WE NEED YOU.







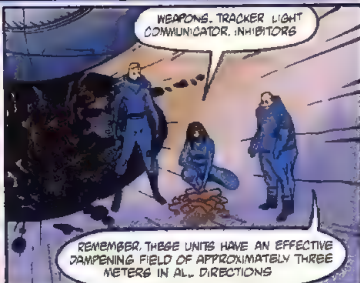
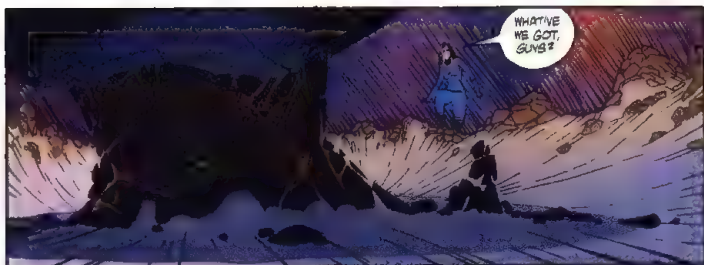
SUNSET ON AG 454 THE
DAILY ACTIVITY CYCLE OF
THE HIVE REACHES ITS PEAK

TWO HUMANS AND
AN ANDROID AWAIT
THE COMING NIGHT

REMEMBER WHEN
YOU WERE A KID AND YOU
LOOKED DOWN FROM AN AEROBUS
AND SAW ALL THE PEOPLE—HOW
THEY LOOKED LIKE ANTS?

IT'S NOT QUITE
THE SAME HERE
STANDING AND
WAITING FOR
ANTS THE SIZE
OF PEOPLE.
HUNGRY ANTS.

THOUSANDS
OF THEM



AS WE WITNESSED WITH THE DOGS, AS SOON AS THEY ARE OFF THE CREATURES WILL BE ABLE TO SENSE US

THEY'LL ONLY BE GOOD FOR THREE HOURS WILL A RESCUE CRAFT ARRIVE BY THEN?





IT'LL TAKE A
COUPLE OF
HOURS.
WHAT'S YOUR
SITUATION?



WE'LL GET
A LANDER PREPPED
AND DOWN TO YOU.



WE CAN'T MAKE IT THAT
LONG. I DON'T THINK
ANYONE ELSE MADE IT
OFF THE PLATFORM.

WHAT WAS
THAT, JULIAN? I
DIDN'T COPY.

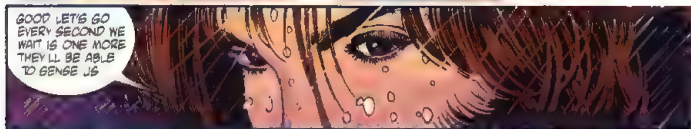
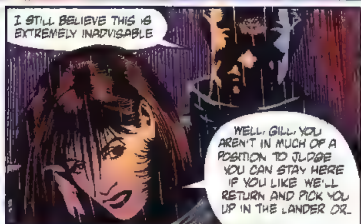
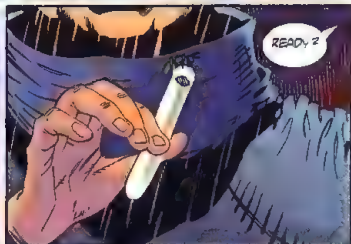
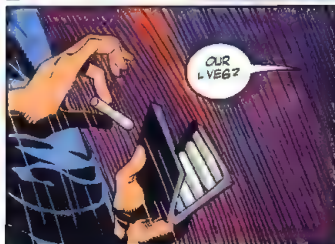


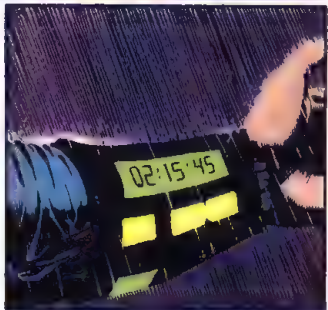
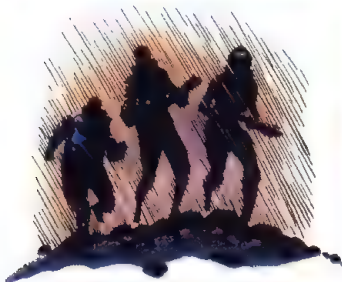
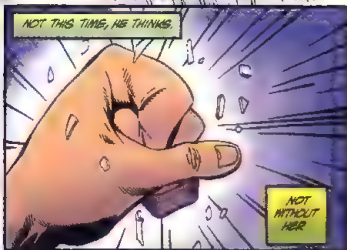
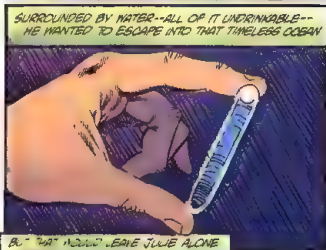
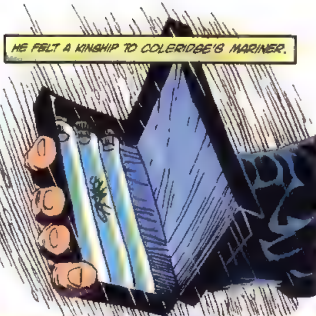
I'LL GET BACK TO YOU WITH OUR
PLANS, HOBAN. WE DON'T HAVE
MANY CHOICES.

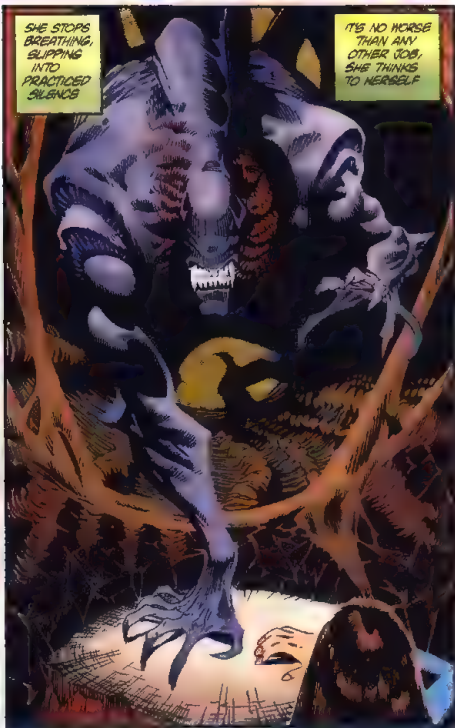
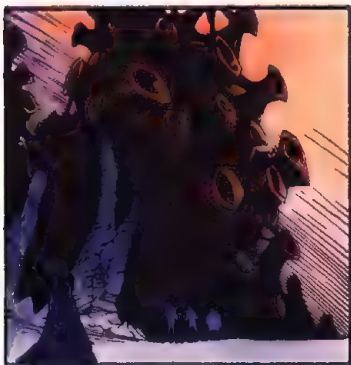


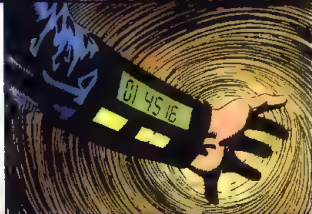
WE GO
INSIDE.

THEY CAN'T SEE US. WE
CAN GET OUT OF THE STORM AND
TRAVEL THROUGH THE HIVE. WE HAVE
THE LOCATOR AND WILL BE ABLE TO
PICK UP XLI'S PATH OUT OF THE HIVE.
THAT WILL LEAD US BACK TO THE
LANDER XLI FOUND. THEN, WE'LL
FLY THE LANDER BACK TO THE
DOLOMITE. WHAT DO YOU THINK?





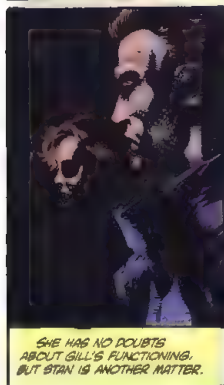






SHE WELCOMES HER FRIEND, THE DARKNESS, BUT THE SILENCE HERE LINNERS HER

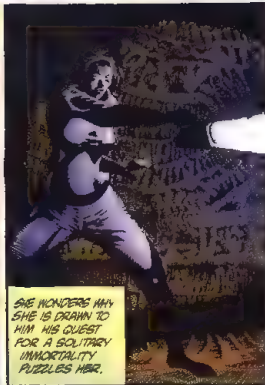
SHE TAKES SOME COMFORT IN HEARING STAN'S LABORED BREATHING, BUT PRAYS IT IS NOT TOO CONSPICUOUS.



SHE HAS NO DOUBTS ABOUT GILL'S FUNCTIONING, BUT STAN IS ANOTHER MATTER.



A SCHOLARLY LIFESTYLE DIDN'T GIVE HIM MUCH PREPARATION FOR THIS.



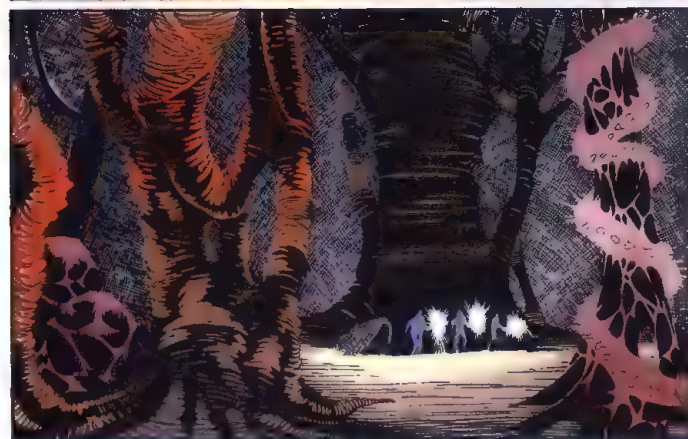
SHE WONDERES WHY SHE IS DRAWN TO HIM HIS QUEST FOR A SOLITARY IMMORTALITY PUZZLES HER.

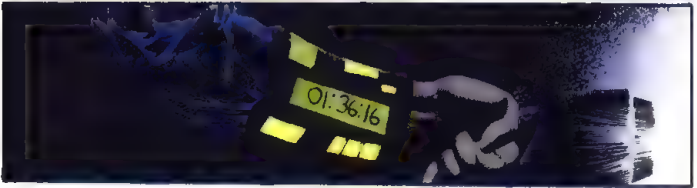
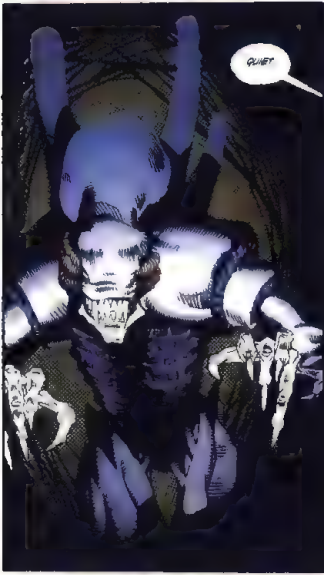
HIS SOJOURNS AWAY FROM HER, AWAY FROM TIME, LEAVE HER UPSET AND LONELY HIS DEPARTURE LEAVES A VACUUM THAT TOO SUDDENLY SNAPS CLOSED.



WHAT IS LEFT FOR HER BESIDES THE MEMORY OF HIS PASSING...

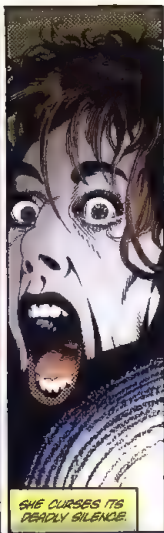
...AND EMPTINESS?







IT FLOWS
OUT OF THE
DARKNESS.



SHE CURSES ITS
DEADLY SILENCE.



THE CREATURE SENSES SOME-
THING NOT USUALLY FOUND IN
THIS LEVEL OF THE NEST, BUT
CANNOT DETERMINE THE SOURCE.



IT
MOVES
ON

WAS IT THEM?

THE LOCATOR
SHOWS NO SIGNS
OF THE TRAIL OF
RADIOACTIVE
"BREAD CRUMBS"
DEPOSITED BY
THE GIRL ON 11.1'S
FOOT THEY MUST
GO DEEPER TO
FIND THE WAY OUT





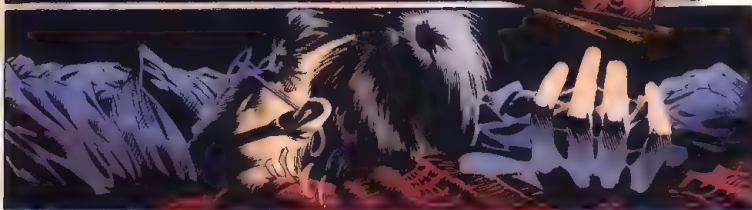
C'MERE



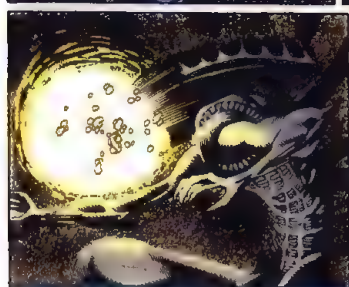
IT'S
OKAY, I'VE
GOT.



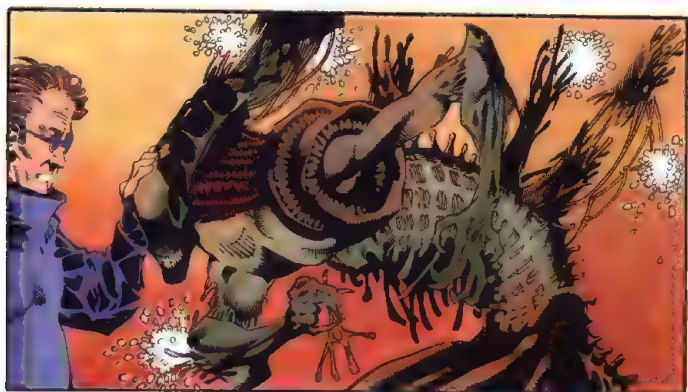
YAAAAAA!



THE
MEE
MEE







When asked why an ant needed to be equipped with a miniaturized cold plasma laser, Mayakovsky answered: "I'd want one."

From *Cyberantics* by Stanislaw Mayakovsky.

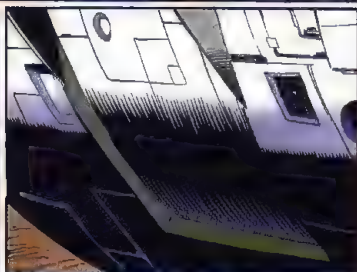
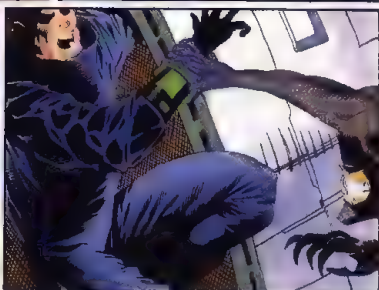
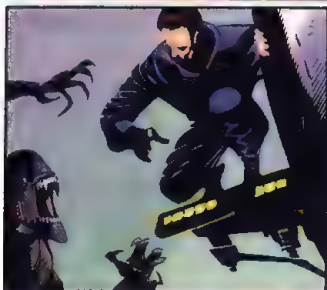
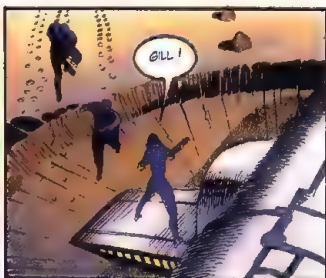
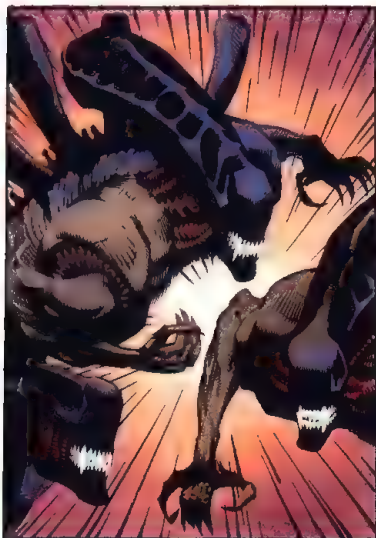


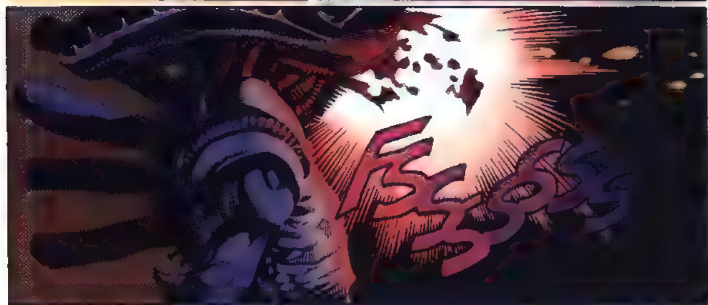
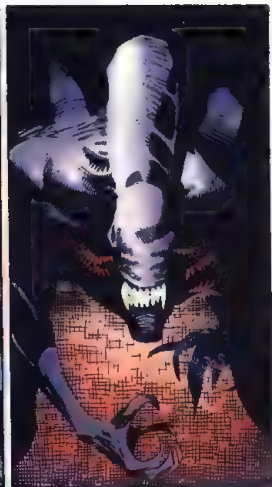
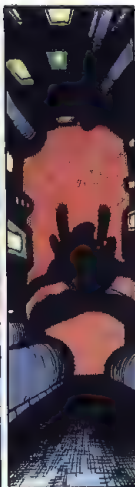














GAAAH



JULIE!



STAN!
AAAAAA!



THE SIGHT OF THE BLUE
SUBSTANCE MAKES HIM SALIVATE



THE ACRID SMELL BRINGS
BACK MANY ASSOCIATIONS

NOT NOW, HE TELLS HIMSELF THERE WILL
BE MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME LATER



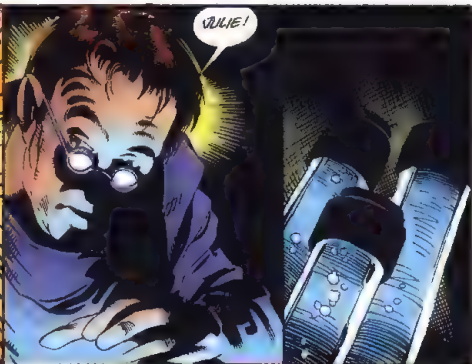
EVERY-
THING'S
GOING TO BE
FINE



REST
I'M
HERE



GAAAH



VULIE!



STAN!
AAAAAA!



THE SIGHT OF THE BLUE
SUBSTANCE MAKES HIM SALIVATE



THE ACRID SMELL BRINGS
BACK MANY ASSOCIATIONS

NOT NOW, HE TELLS HIMSELF THERE WILL
BE MORE THAN ENOUGH TIME LATER



EVERY-
THING'S
GOING TO BE
FINE



REST
I'M
HERE



THEY'VE SET UP THEIR PERIMETER DEFENSES I DON'T THINK WE'LL HAVE LONG TO WAIT FOR VISITORS

HOW IS SHE?



NOT GOOD, BUT SHE SEEMS TO HAVE STABILIZED

BILL, DO YOU HAVE ANY DATA ON ANCIENT GREECE?



NO

A SHAME THERE ARE SOME BENEFITS TO A CLASSICAL EDUCATION I THINK YOU AND I SHOULD HAVE THAT LITTLE TALK NOW







HOW
DO YOU
FEEL?



CONFUSED,
EXHAUSTED
HARD TO
DESCRIBE.



IT'S CALLED FREEDOM.
WE'LL DISCUSS SOME
OF THE RAMIFICATIONS
LATER.

HOW'S THE
WREST?

STIFF. WHAT
HAPPENED?



YOU FELL AND INJURED YOURSELF.
DON'T THINK ANY MORE ABOUT IT.

SHE SEEMS TO
FEEL NO PAIN.

THE CELL
HUMANS HAVE WAYS
OF REPROGRAMMING
THEMSELVES, AS WELL.



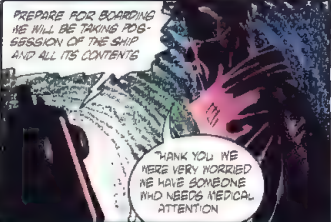
VZZZZZ



THIS IS POTTER,
CAPTAIN OF THE
GRANT CORPORATION
SHIP, LANDET. YOU ARE
TRESPASSING ON
NEO-PHARM PROPERTY.
IDENTIFY YOURSELVES.



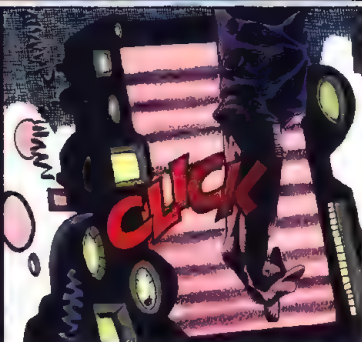
MY NAME IS STANISLAW
MANAKOVSKY. MYSELF A WOMAN
AND AN ANDROID ARE ALL THAT IS
LEFT OF A SURVEY MISSION. WE WERE
EXAMINING THE HIVE. OUR SHIP WAS
DAMAGED AND WE WERE FORCED DOWN. WE
BARELY MADE IT ON BOARD THIS SHIP.



PREPARE FOR BOARDING.
WE WILL BE TAKING POS-
SESSION OF THE SHIP
AND ALL ITS CONTENTS.

THANK YOU. WE
WERE VERY WORRIED.
WE HAVE SOMEONE
WHO NEEDS MEDICAL
ATTENTION.

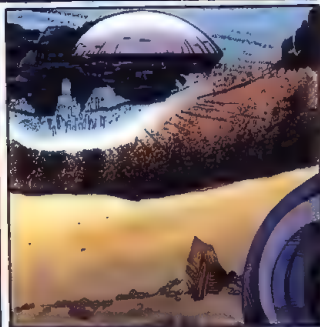






DR
NAVAKOVSKY,
I

IT'S
ALL RIGHT SHE
MAKES ME FEEL
THAT WAY,
TOO.



"HERE THEY COME."



"GIL THAT IS
THE APERTURE
THROUGH THE
FIELD DO
YOU SEE IT?"



"CLASSIC STRATEGY. POTTER DIDN'T
ANTICIPATE THEIR CLEVERNESS"

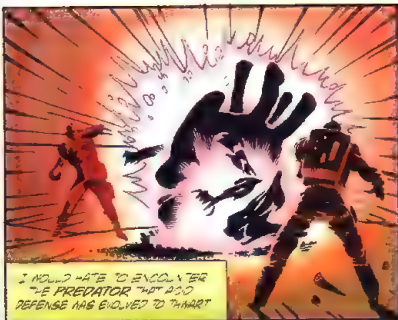


"HAVE YOU EVER SEEN
ANYTHING MOVE SO QUICKLY?"

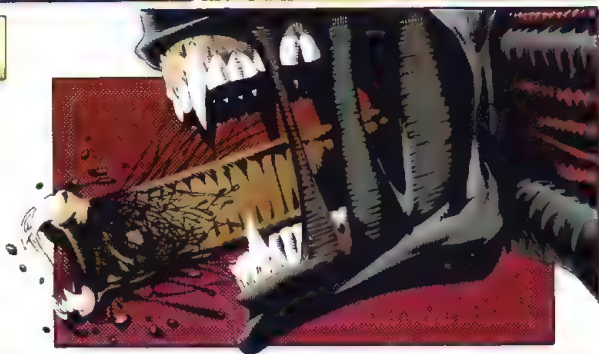


"THEY LL NEVER EVEN KNOW WHAT HIT THEM"



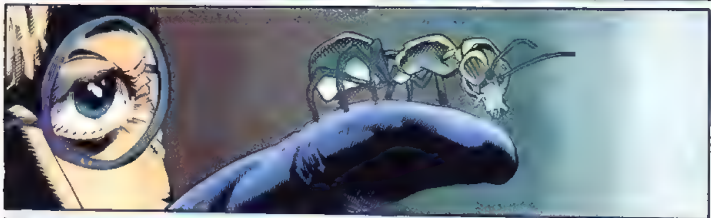


"SO OVER
GLUCKY
FOR US"

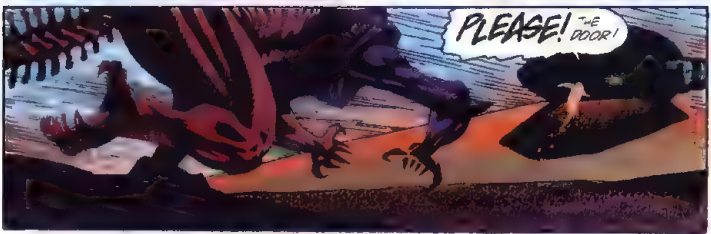




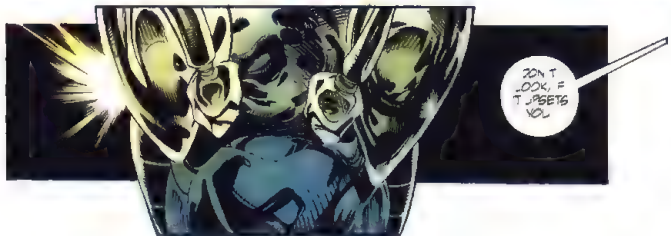
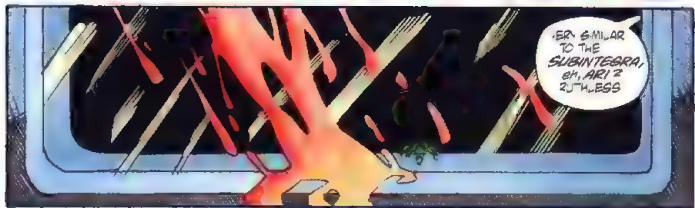
WOULD YOU LIKE TO
SEE THIS, PRIZ? IT REMINDS
ME OF YOUR ADVENTURES
WITH THE SLAVE-MAKING
FORMICA SUBINTEGRA



OH, CHRIST!
OH, CHRIST!
OPEN THE DOOR!



PLEASE! THE DOOR!







I'VE MANAGED TO RECHARGE THIS UNIT WITH SOME JELLY

JUST GO OVER THERE AND NEGOTIATE

TELL THEM THAT I WILL DESTROY THIS SHIP AND ITS CARGO

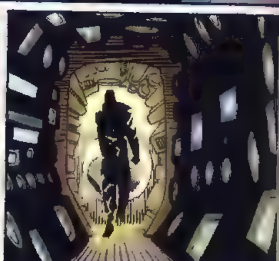
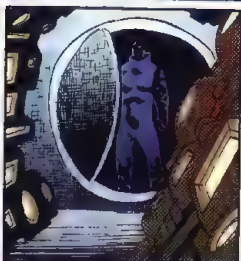
TELL THEM I'VE GOT LITTLE TIME TO LIVE SO I'VE GOT NOTHING TO LOSE

THEY... BELIEVE YOU YOU'RE A MACHINE DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

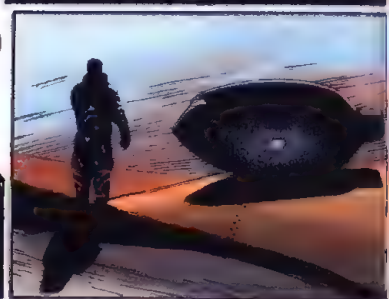
YES DR MAYAKOVSKY

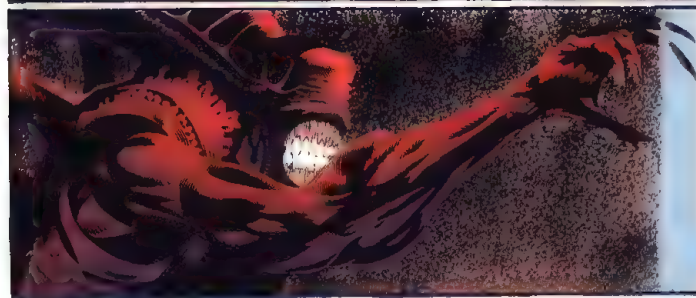
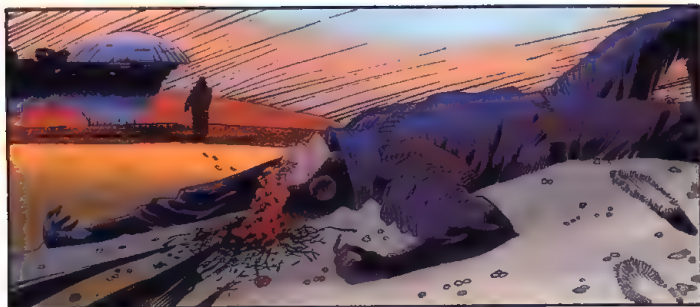
BUY US SOME TIME AND I'LL TRY TO GET SOMETHING WORKED OUT WITH HOBAN TO GET US OUT OF HERE

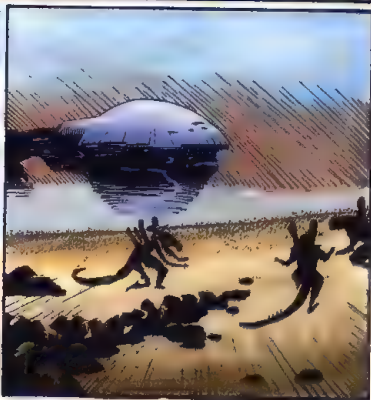
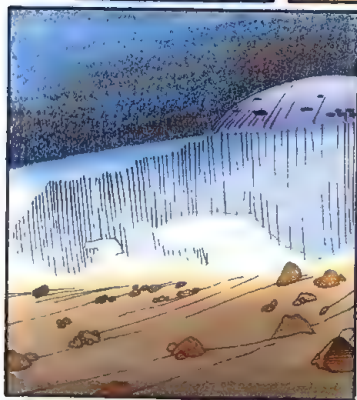
PLEASE TAKE CARE OF JULIE

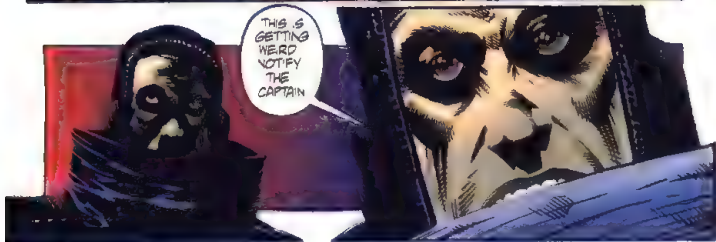
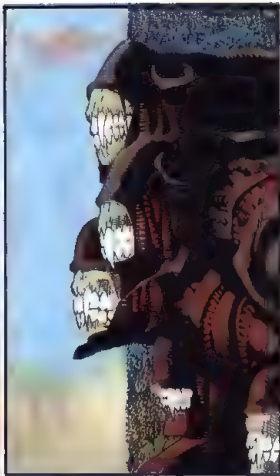
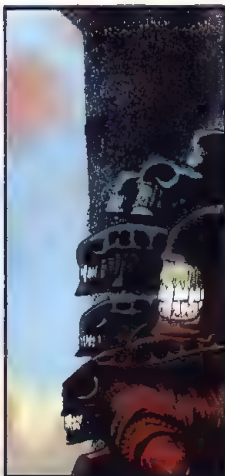


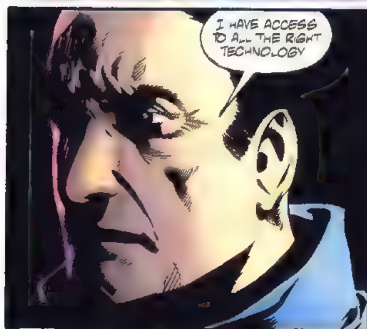
SHE - BE FINE, SHE - PROMISE

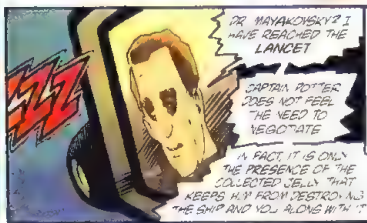


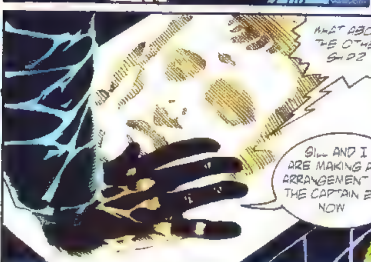
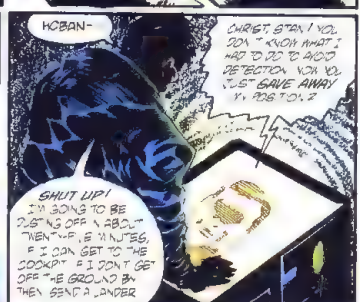
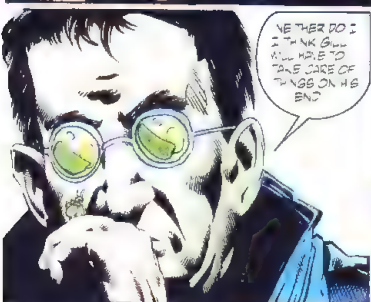
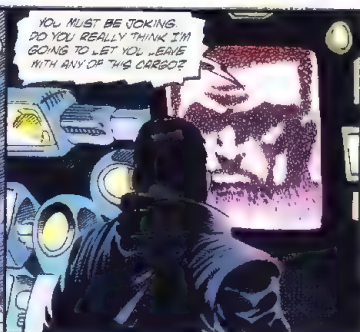


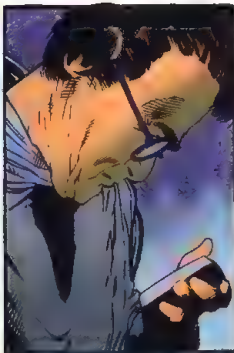












At first only one
or two moved.

But others joined quickly...

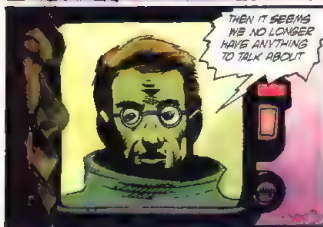
An understanding born of ritualized
and tactile communication.

Their mass built geometrically
until they formed a living wall.*

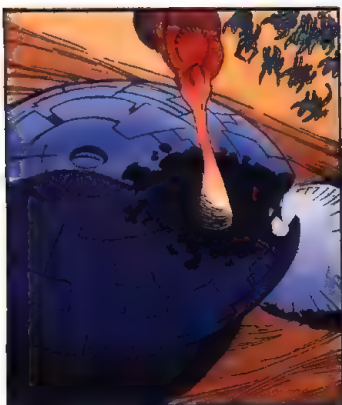
* From *Cybernetics* by Stanislaw Mayakovsky.

A mute understanding
passing among them...



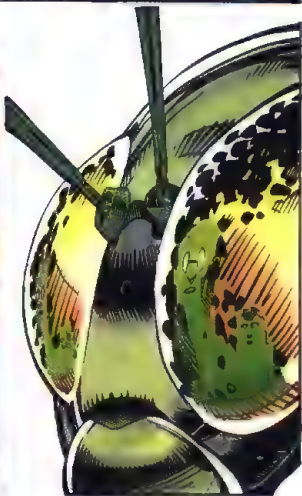
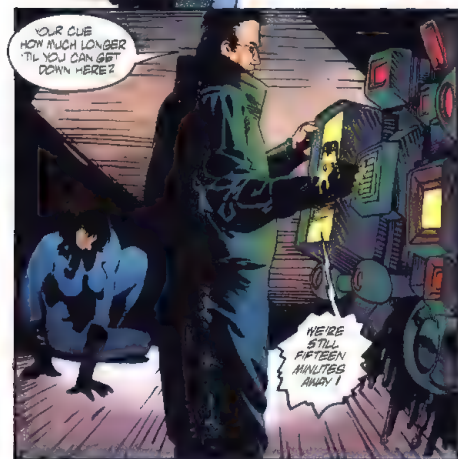
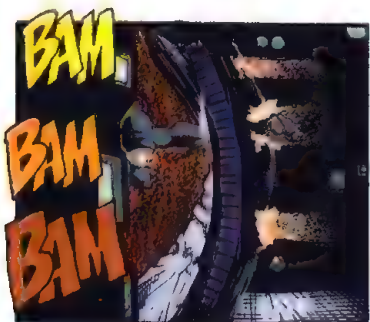


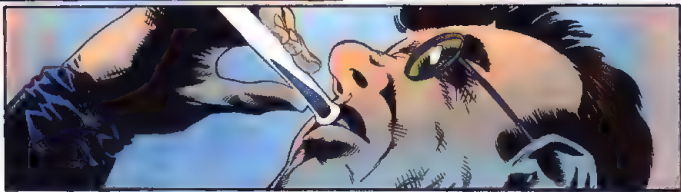


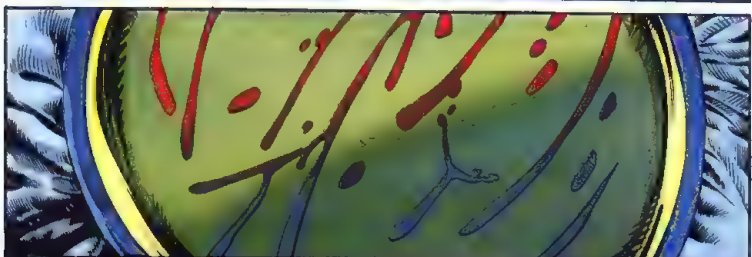
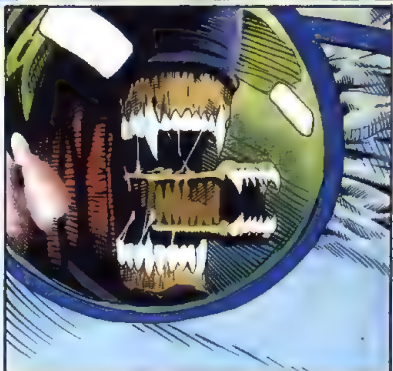
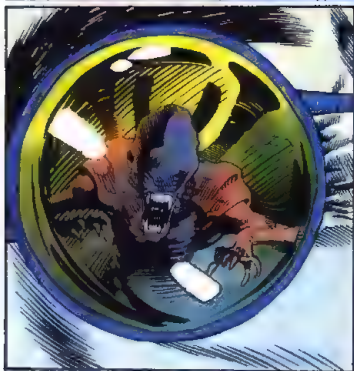
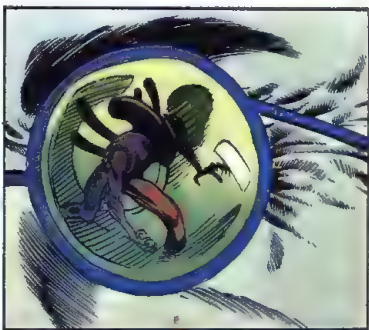


I THINK
OUR FRIENDS
AT THE DOOR
ARE BECOMING
AGITATED
THEY GENSE
THE CHEMICAL
CHANGES FROM
THE CREATURES
OUTSIDE.









THE DARKNESS WAS WARY
LIKE HER KISS

STAN COULDN'T TELL IF HIS
EYES WERE OPENED OR CLOSED.

HE REMEMBERED SOMETHING BY
OTA DOKAN, A JAPANESE POET—
WRITTEN WHILE A KNIFE PROTRUDED
FROM HIS CHEST.

"HAD I NOT KNOWN THAT I WAS DEAD

ALREADY...





"I WOULD HAVE MOURNED..."

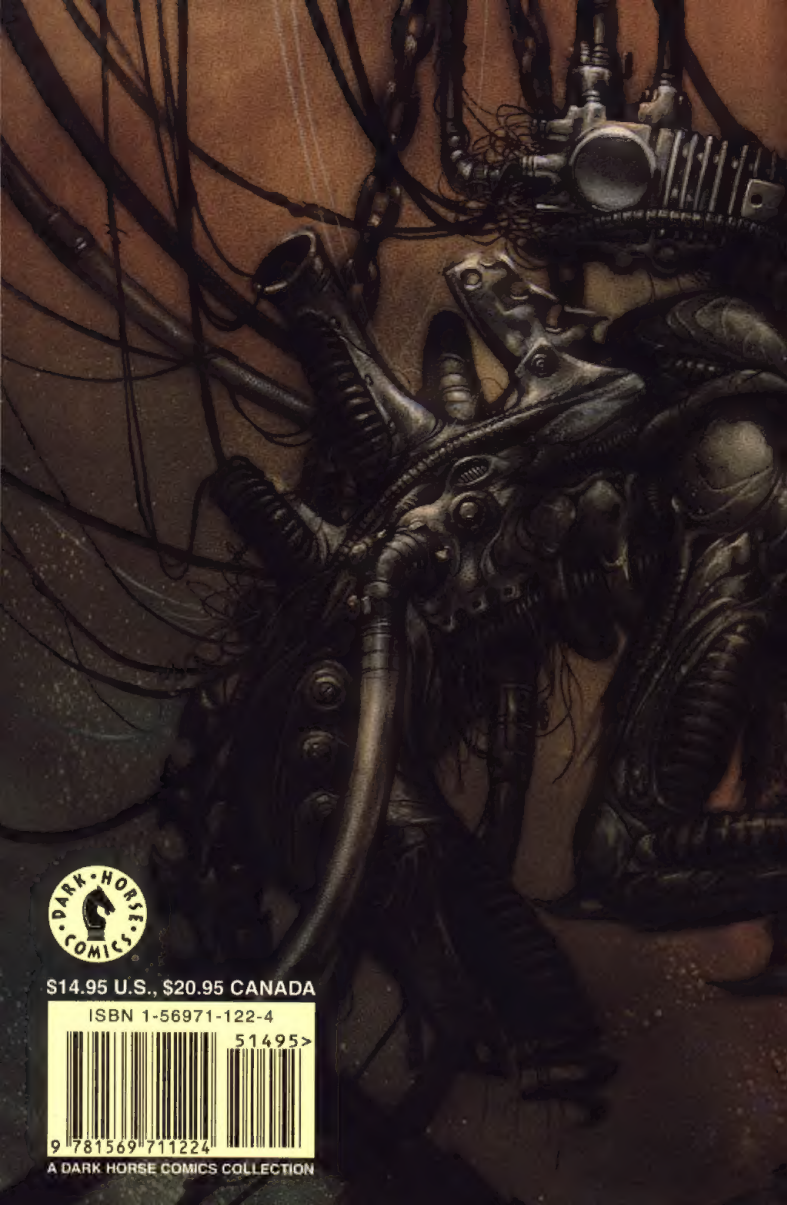


"...THE LOSS..."

"...OF MY LIFE."







\$14.95 U.S., \$20.95 CANADA

ISBN 1-56971-122-4



51495>



A DARK HORSE COMICS COLLECTION